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Table of Contents

	Page
EDITORIAL	2
LITERARY	3
RECORD	13
ATHLETICS	16

EDITORIAL

CAN YOU?

Can you say, "I never lie?"
Can you say, "I always try?"
Can you hold your head up high?
Can you?

Can you keep your honor bright?
Can you always do what's right?
Not give up where others might?
Can you?

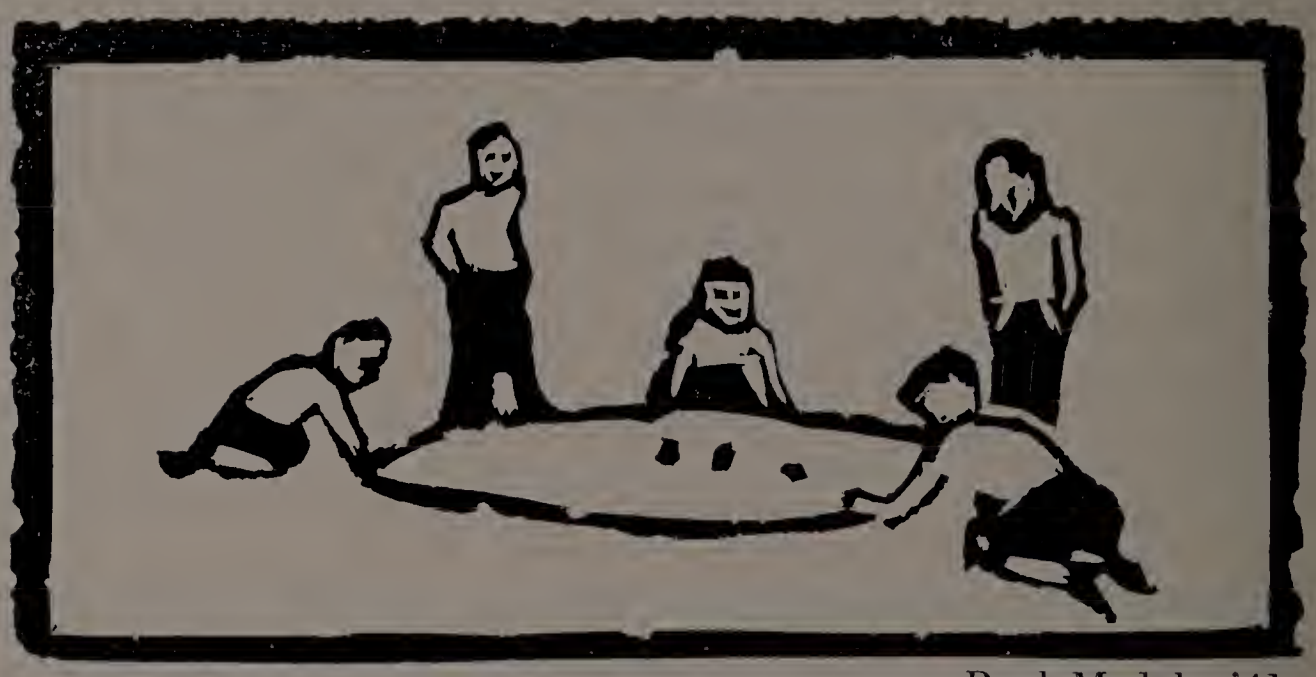
Can you grin when things go wrong?
Meet temptation; still be strong?
Drown your sorrows in a song?
Can you?

Can you bravely meet defeat?
Without jealousy compete?
Stand up on your own two feet?
Can you?

When you're lonely, sad or blue,
Can you talk with Nature, who
Soothes all hurt and sorrows too?
Can you?

Can you always wear a smile?
Treat your comrades without guile?
If you can, your life's worth while.
Can you?

Frances McRobbie '39



Paul Medolo '41

LITERARY

HELPFUL DANNY

Daddy John leaned back comfortably against the soft cushion of his easy chair, his long limbs stretched out before him. Twirling with deliberation his graying moustache and watching the blue smoke of his brier pipe curl, crawl and disappear, he drawled, "Yes, Mother, we'll have to get them potatoes in somehow. With all the rain we've been having, I don't know how we're going to do it."

"I know, I know, but the other crops have to be taken in too, John! I don't know how we'll manage it all. I really don't know!" his wife anxiously replied. She was a small woman. Her brown hair was beginning to be streaked with silver. Flitting here and there, she straightened the red checked tablecloth, picked up her cook book, ran through the pages and put it down. She crossed the room, a perplexed frown on her brow, gazed through the spotless window far into the distance, turned impatiently on her heel, finally sat stiffly down, took up her knitting from a straw work-basket, and made her needles fly at a lightning pace.

Meanwhile Danny, their four-year-old son, in a corner of the neat kitchen, was spending the morning teaching Kitty circus tricks. He bent his small, round face towards the tiny slip of a fluffy, yellow kitten and earnestly reproached him, "See here, Kitty. It's time you learned that when I speak, I'm used to being obeyed. Come here!" (this in an authoritative voice). Kitty slipped under the stove, contentedly licking his ruffled fur with his rough, pink tongue, and glancing up now and again at the little boy as he brooded over the long, red scratch on his little arm. Finally he picked himself up and tramped upstairs to his play closet. In an honorary place, above the jumble of fire engines, trucks, bears, books, soldiers, etc., was a bright, new, red garden set. Danny carefully took these down, examining separately and ever so carefully, first the hoe, then the shovel. Shouldering the sharp-edged hoe, he walked briskly out, whistling a little off key.

"Where are you going, dear?" called his mother.

"Out."

"Be a good boy, Danny!"

As he opened the door, a small, round ball of fur dashed between his legs, upsetting him. A little hurt, he scrambled up, reshouldering his precious hoe, and slammed the door vindictively. "You go on, you old cat, go on to your mother. I've got a man's work to do."

* * * *

Mother flew up the hill to the barn, where Daddy John stood leaning easily against the great, red barn, preoccupied in getting a sliver out of his calloused finger. "John! John! Danny's gone! I can't find Danny! He hasn't come to dinner and it's one o'clock! The poor little thing has never missed dinner in his life! And I've made his favorite chocolate pudding! He—"

"Oh Mother! Don't you worry. He'll be back before long. Maybe he's gone to play with the James' boy. Now this pesky sliver is what's worrying me! If I had a needle here now—. Why Mother, why don't you go down and get me a needle?

Wouldn't take—"

"Oh, John, never mind that little bit of wood. It won't hurt you. Go look for Danny. Think of the deep, black well out in the pasture, or maybe some wild animal has hurt him, or maybe the logs have fallen out of that rotten, old, wooden bridge and he's fallen in the brook. You know I've told you time and time again to fix it! Or maybe—"

"Oh, Betsy! That bridge'll last a lifetime. Don't you worry."

* * * *

Daddy John swung over the wooden gate and jumped into the pasture. Behind him lay the great fields of waving, golden grain. The warm noonday sun's rays sent glints of light over the shimmering tops of the golden wheat. He made his way to the top of a great hill in the green pasture. Beyond lay a great expanse of fertile land. The crisp brown tops of the potatoes rested on the rich, brown earth. His eyes travelled up the long rows that stretched out to the clear blue horizon. In the middle of the rows a small white figure was moving—Danny!

Danny bent over his little red hoe. On his face was a look of grim determination. A lock of chestnut hair hung persistently over his white forehead. To his turned up freckled nose came a damp earthy smell, the smell of newly turned soil. His small chin was firmly set. A white shirt was opened at the neck. Rolled up to his knees were faded, blue denim overalls. Dig-dig-dig. Mm, there's a nice big one. His small finger burrowed down deep into the cool, moist earth and brought out a large, brown, smooth-skinned potato. Turning over this fine specimen of the potato genus, he shook his head. "Such a lot of work for such a tiny thing as you." Heaving a long, long sigh he laid it carefully to one side and once more began to diligently dig-dig, while the yellow kitten sitting solemnly behind him watched with keen, green eyes these unusual proceedings, yawned, and began to carefully wash himself.

"Well! So here's where our big man is! And with all those potatoes dug! Mother will be proud of her big helper! Let's go home now and have a great big dinner! Chocolate pudding today!"

Danny put his treasured hoe on his thin shoulder and walked proudly beside his father. "Father is such a big man," Danny thought admiringly. "Daddy, that yellow cat isn't worth anything, is he, Dad?" he inquired with a disdainful sniff in the direction of kitty, who was walking behind, his yellow tail a swaying banner. "He can't do anything for his mother, can he? You go on home, you worthless cat! Go on home and help your mother!"

Dorothy Dainowski '40

CROSS SECTION

"Oh Jim! I do wish you didn't have to go to work today. Those great big monsters you drive frighten me to death. They are all right on a good, warm, sunny day, but I'm so afraid when you have to drive in the fog or snow. You could easily get in a smash-up and be killed," cried timid Mrs. Shaw to her tall, strong, broad-shouldered husband who was a fireman on the Boston and Maine Railroad. It was six-thirty in the morning and Mr. and Mrs. Shaw were in their large, warm, clean kitchen, sitting at the kitchen table sipping at a steaming hot cup of coffee. The kitchen was neatly furnished but all the furnishings showed wear. The white curtains were starched to their full capacity and the light beamed through them, mak-

ing the kitchen bright and cheery.

"Now, Ma, don't worry about me," exclaimed Mr. Shaw with a smile on his face. "I'll be all right. Joe, my helper, and I can handle those little engines like you handle the bowl when you are beating a cake," said Jim as he walked over to Mrs. Shaw and kissed her on the cheek. She blushed and got all excited as she always did, as if it were their first kiss.

"Oh, Jim, stop it. If the children saw us, what would they think?"

"Oh, yes! Speaking of the children, tell that young snipper snapper of ours, Ronney, to go to school today and I'll speak to him when I get home from work. The idea of coming in at two o'clock this morning. He sure thinks he is big and wise, but I've given him enough rope and now I'll put my foot down. He'll be changed inside of a week or I'll kick myself so hard I'll land in London. Well, I'd better be on my way to work and don't worry about me, dear. You'd better get the kids up for school. They'll have to take their time going through this fog," yelled Jim as he shut the back door and started off to work.

Mrs. Shaw cleared the dishes, returned to the kitchen, looked at the clock.

"Now here is the job," whispered Mrs. Shaw to herself as she walked to the front stairs and called the children, Ronney, Sally, and Wayne.

A chorus of "Huh, Ma," echoed through the house.

"Get up, children. It is seven o'clock, time to get ready for school, and it is terribly foggy out, so you'll have to take your time and watch your stepping. Come now."

The house was as quiet as a sea is before a storm. Then someone jumped out of bed and ran from the cold bedroom to the warm bathroom. Mrs. Shaw put the coffee pot in front of the hot coal stove and sat down on one of the kitchen chairs to rest. Her heart was bothering her again. She should go to the doctor about it, she thought to herself, but she needed the money for clothes for Ronney. He was always talking about the money he needs and clothes. He never seemed satisfied. Bang! bang! bang! Up jumped Mrs. Shaw and hurried through the living room to the front hall. There on the stairs was Wayne sitting on the first step like a king with all his school books and paper around him. Wayne was sixteen, tall, well built, good looking. Wayne broke the silence by saying,

"Well, Ma, that's the fastest way I've ever got down a flight of stairs in my life."

"Did you hurt yourself? What happened?" cried Mrs. Shaw, as she stooped over and helped Wayne pick up his books.

"Well, I didn't hurt myself, and if my best girl will forgive me for coming down the stairs that way, I'll go and get a good hot cup of coffee."

"Will you two shut up and let a guy sleep?" blurted out Ronney from his bedroom. "And Sap, the next time you walk down the stairs be careful, because if you make so much noise again, I'll come down and belt you one. Ma, bring me up a cup of hot coffee. I'm freezing, so bring it up fast."

"Listen, Mr. America, you get up and go to school before I come up and pull you out of bed, and Ma will not bring coffee up to you—except over my dead body," shrieked Wayne back to Ronney.

"Oh, shut up, small change, and stop butting into my affairs. Ma, bring up my coffee."

"Don't you dare, Ma. If he's too lazy to come down after it, he doesn't want it very bad. Do you need any

coal or wood before I leave for school?"

"Ma, can I wear your new silk stockings to school today?" cried Sally from the top of the stairs.

"What happened to yours that I bought you Saturday?" questioned Mrs. Shaw.

"Well,...well, Ma, you know the seats in schools. They're all rough, and my stockings got caught, but honest, I'll be careful with yours. Please," pleaded Sally.

"Well, I was going to save them for the church harvest supper that your father and I are going to Saturday night, but if you'll be very careful with them, you can wear them," consented Mrs. Shaw.

"Don't, Ma. Save them for yourself. You know how careless she is. She'll come home with a run in them. You always take second-hand things or hand-overs. Have something new for a change," whispered Wayne to his mother.

"You shut up, Wayne Shaw, and Ma, please, I won't get a run in them."

"Oh, shut up, the whole bunch of you," moaned Ronney, as he rolled over in bed.

"Oh, keep quiet! If you got in at a decent hour you would be up now and full of pep, but instead, you'd rather run around in an old dilapidated 1932 Ford and get in when the milk man is coming around. May I, Ma, please?" Sally continued.

"Oh, yes, yes, yes, but hurry and get dressed before you're late for school, and Ronney, you get up and dress, too," called Mrs. Shaw as she buttered toast for Wayne, and poured him a cup of hot coffee.

"He'll get up and go to school, Ma, so don't worry. Don't you feel well today? You look pale."

"Of course I'm all right, dear. I'm just worried about Ronney. He's changed so and if he doesn't watch out your father will give him a good old-fashioned spanking, and Ronney is at the age of thinking he is too big for that and he'll get angry and run away or do something desperate, and if he ever did anything like that it would kill me."

"Oh, don't worry, Ma!" Wayne said coolly, as he put his toast down and kissed her on the cheek and then stared into space as he thought of what would become of them without her. His silence was broken as Sally came singing happily down the stairs. Sally was small, dainty, and eighteen. She wore brown and white saddle strap shoes, plaid pleated skirt, white silk sport shirt, and carried a dark blue woolen jacket over her creamy round arm. Her blond, wavy hair was tossed loosely on her head but neatly. Her blue eyes sparkled and her cheeks were pink.

"Good morning, good morning, my loved ones," she said, as she skipped over to her mother and kissed her on the cheek. Then she put her books and jacket on a kitchen chair and sat down for her coffee and toast.

"Well, my fair one, what are you so happy about?" exclaimed Wayne.

"Nothing at all, but do I have to get up with a grouch because other members of the family do?"

"No, but I think I'll stick around the house. Some one may come, by accident of course, in a car and ride me to school."

"Ma, make him walk to school."

"Oh! Some one is coming for my fair maiden. Huh, at last I see a ride. Thank you, madam, for inviting me. I accept the kind invitation with pleasure," seriously said Wayne, as he rose from the chair, clicking his heels and bowing as a French ambassador would.

"Oh, Ma, make him stop. He knew Bob was coming to take me to school. I'm not going to let Bob give him a ride and that is final," exclaimed

Sally, as she threw her toast on the table and got up and walked over to the window.

"Oh, you're not! Well, Mrs. Smart Aleck, when he comes I'll go out there and tell him not to give you a ride, and he's so bashful he'll not admit he came for you and then we'll ride to school and you'll have to walk. How do you like that?" laughed Wayne, as he tipped his chair back to the wall, blowing on his finger nails and shining them on his brown suit coat.

"Oh, Ma, he's so mean. You can't even ride to school now unless you take a member of the family with you. Well, I won't take him," angrily cried Sally with tears in her eyes.

"Now Sally, Bob won't be angry if you take Wayne to school with you. You're going right to the place Wayne wants to go, so he can go with you. You can give Ronney a ride, too."

"That's right, Ma. Too bad Bob doesn't come back this way right away because if he did you could take the ride too." He shook his head and tried to say it without laughing, but found it impossible to do so, and so bellowed out a hoarse, healthy laugh.

"Oh, you shut up. You—you! Oh, Ma! He is so mean. You do something for him and Ronney, and they don't appreciate it." Up jumped Wayne, and getting down on his hands and knees on the floor, bowed up and down saying, "Allah, Allah, Allah." Sally picked up one of her books and threw it at him, but Wayne expected that and ducked just in time. Mrs. Shaw was in the pantry at the time but came out when she heard the noise. Both hands were on her hips and she tried to put a disgusted look on her face.

"You children will be the death of me yet. If anyone was walking by the house and heard you two they would think it was a kindergarten of twenty children instead of two overgrown kids. Now act your age before I give you both a good licking. I can still do that, you know. What, is that Ronney?"

"O. K., Ma, we'll be good. Keep quiet now, Sally. You make so much noise," whispered Wayne, as he ducked behind the morning paper and stretched out on the couch.

"I make the noise. You've got a nerve," cried Sally, as she went into the living room to see how she looked in the mirror that was in there.

"It's ten minutes of eight and Ronney is not up yet. I'll fix that young snipper-snapper, as your father calls him. He's just had enough freedom. Now I'll do something to him," angrily exclaimed Mrs. Shaw as she hurried from the kitchen up the front stairs.

"That's a girl, Ma," shouted Wayne, "you show him who is boss."

Mrs. Shaw hurried along the cold, sunny hall and into Ronney's room. It was a mess, with clothes all over the place and signs hanging all over the wall. The smell of stale tobacco filled the air in the room. The bed clothes were rumpled up to a great big ball in the middle of the bed. Mrs. Shaw looked at the room and it discouraged her so she could have cried, but she had a job to do and she was going to do it. Her insides were now all afire with anger. She walked over to the side of the bed and looked at him. He was so good-looking and sweet lying there, but that mustn't soften her heart. She bent down and shook him vigorously. He sat up with a start. "Get out of here! I'm not going to school. If they want me bad enough they'll come down after me," yelled Ronney, and pushed his mother roughly away. Mrs. Shaw was so surprised she stood there for a while, then ran

quickly from the room with tears in her eyes. She walked into the hot kitchen where Sally was leaning against the window looking for Bob. Wayne was singing a popular song, swinging his leg in time to it. Mrs. Shaw came in and sat down on one of the kitchen chairs very quietly. This caused the children to look up because she always came in and hustled around the kitchen doing something. They looked at her and then at each other and both hurried to her side at once.

"What's the matter, Ma?" cried Wayne and Sally together, as they both put one arm around her.

"Nothing, children. Can't I just sit here quietly for a change?" and then she burst into tears. Big, round, gleaming tears rolled down her cheeks. When the children saw this they just stared at each other because they had never seen their mother cry before. They knew she had been hurt really badly.

"What did Ronney do, Ma? I know it was him. Tell me. I'll go up there and sock him one." Wayne did not wait for any explanation, but ran up the stairs two at a time to Ronney's room and bounced into the room. Ronney sat up with a start, for he thought the end of the world had come.

"What's the matter? What's the matter?" he cried.

"What's the matter? That's a laugh," yelled Wayne. He was now by the side of the bed, his fist doubled up, his face pale, and his eyes red with anger. "What did you say to Ma?"

"Nothing, why?"

"Nothing! Why, you skunk, she's downstairs crying her eyes out over you and you aren't even worth spitting on. She works her hands to the bone for you and you don't even give her a thank you. She thinks of you first and herself second, and you only consider yourself. You even consider your cheap friends before her and Dad. She lies awake nights waiting for you to come in, to see if you are safe in bed, and then she'll relax and go to sleep. She gives you her money to spend on those chiseling friends of yours, and she goes without things and fixes her old clothes over so you can have more money and clothes, and you don't consider her at all. Why, you're not even worth the breath I'm wasting on you. All I can say is that I'm sorry you're my brother."

At that Wayne left the room and slammed the door so hard it caused one of the signs to fall to the floor. Ronney sat up in bed and stared into space. He heard Wayne and Sally leave for school. Finally he jumped out of bed and went to the closet. He took out the dark blue suit his mother always liked, then his black shoes that he seldom wore, a white starched shirt, and a plaid tie. He put these on and was going out the door when he turned around and looked at the room. He then went over to the wall and took down all the signs and pictures and picked up all the clothes that were hung on the backs of chairs, on the end of the bed, and some that were on the floor. He put all these neatly in his closet. He then looked around the room again and gave a sigh. He walked quietly down the hall and stairs and opened the door to the parlor. This room smelled of stale air and dampness, for in the winter it was closed to keep the little heat there was, in the kitchen and living room. He looked around the room and then walked over to the table in the middle of the room, stooped down and picked up a large black Bible. He whispered softly to himself and raised his head to the ceiling and placed his right hand fully upon it.

"I, Ronney Shaw, swear on this *Holy Bible* that I will be considerate of my mother and father and everyone, and also study in high school and work my way through college and make something out of myself so my family will be proud of me, always." He paused a while and then continued, "I mean this, dear Father in Heaven, and if I should ever break one of them as long as I live, please depart me from this earth. Amen." He closed the Bible slowly and put it back under the table. He then walked slowly and steadily out to the kitchen with his head proudly in the air.

"Oh, hello, son," surprisedly cried Mrs. Shaw as she saw her son up and so neatly dressed. "I wanted Sally and Wayne to wait for you, and give you a ride to school, but Wayne said you weren't going."

"That's O. K., Ma. I'll run to school and make it so I won't be late. Thanks for trying to get me a ride." Mrs. Shaw's gray eyes opened with surprise, but she didn't say anything. She got up stretching her short arms, and said, "If you'll wait I'll make some new coffee and toast for you."

She started to put the toaster plug in, but Ronney exclaimed, "Never mind, Ma. It will be too much trouble, and really I'm not the least bit hungry." He then put on his camel's hair overcoat and walked over to the back door, turned, and paused a while. Tears were in his eyes and he smiled at his mother, walked shyly and quickly over to her, put his hands on her shoulders and kissed her fully and heartily on her lips. He then retraced his footsteps to the door, saying, "Don't do the hard work today by yourself. I'll be right home from school and do it for you. So long, Ma."

He then shut the door quietly and while walking down the path whistled, "Happy Days Are Here Again." Mrs. Shaw still stood by the kitchen table where Ronney kissed her, with her fingers on her lips. Large, round, wet tears were trickling down her pale cheeks and she was happily saying, "I knew he wouldn't fail me. I knew it!"

Janet Kershaw '40

With Our Poets

CLOUDS

As I sit gazing at the sky,
I see the clouds roll gently by;
And as I watch, I see them form
Gay pictures, as they drift along.

The clouds are tinged with colors pale,
And some are large, and some are frail,
They scurry forth, they're in a hurry,
They do not have a care or worry.

Oh, I wish that I were a cloud,
So I could get far from the crowd,
Oh, like a cloud; I know not why,
So I could sail across the sky.

Barbara Dearden '41

SPRING

The snow is gone from off the ground
And spring is here at last.
Whene'er the sun peeks through the sky
Forgotten is the past.

The bare brown trees seem quite in style
With signs of buds so green.
The world looks very different now
As grass is plainly seen.

The birds are busy in the trees
With sprigs of grass they've found.
While in the garden, crocuses
Poke through the barren ground.

Norma Morton '39

THE MOON

The silvery moon glides through the dusky sky
And stars come out to greet her passing by.
Then, gently as a falling drop of dew
She sinks from sight. And daylight dawns anew.

Barbara Dillon '39

SONNET

The sky is full of clouds; the day is gray.
The sun is thickly veiled with misty fog.
Slowly the rain comes down this cool spring day.
One hears from the brook the weary croak of a frog.
The buds on the trees are dripping with the rain.
From far away the steeple clock tolls slowly.
The rain taps heavily on the window pane.
It is a day of mournful melancholy.
Then suddenly the clouds begin to part.
Across the sky a rainbow makes its arc.
The birds begin to twitter and to dart
Through the air. Just hearken to the lark.
The sun is glowing now and all is gay,
As joyous spring comes forth in full array.

Mary Peel '39

SAIL OUT

Sail out, sail out from the harbor
And rouse yourself from dreams.
Sail out, sail out, the sun has risen
Go face his golden beams.
Breasting on into the light
Ploughing on toward cities bright,
Sail out, sail out from the harbor
And bring to life your dreams.

May Barnes '39

BOB WHITE

I awoke this morning, when the sun was bright,
To the familiar song of my friend, Bob White,
He sang aloud in the apple tree,
And I knew he sang to awaken me.

He hopped from the tree to the garden gate,
And he seemed to say, "You slept too late."
Then he must have decided he wouldn't stay,
For he flapped his wings and flew away.

Claire Doherty '39

CHANGE

The golden light of sunset crept
Across the meadows and the lake.
The trees in quiet beauty slept
As if they never again would wake
From slumber in a silent world
Whereon they stood amid a slope
Of colored leaves the wind had hurled,
Rejecting every thought or hope
Of life, and changing green to brown,
That they might enter beauteous death,
And, robed in autumn's peaceful gown,
Drink freely nature's purest breath.

The winter came! The cold winds blew
And swept out all the golden leaves.
The grass swayed back as roaring through
There came a biting, stinging breeze.
A deep red sun dropped out of sight
Still shedding on the frozen lake
And on the meadows robed in white
A final ray that tried to take
The bitter coldness from the ground,
And whistling o'er the hilltop bare
The freezing wintry blasts blew 'round
And snow descended from the air.

Helen Murphy '39

WINTER

Gray sky
and growling wind
Pine green
and hemlock thin
Choked brooks
and berries red
Cold trees
and leaves shed
Gray sky
and leaves shed
Growling winds
swift and cold
Pines green
slim and straight
Hemlock thin
in clumps of eight
Choked brooks
gurgled and creaked
Berries red
small and sweet
Cold trees
black and bare
Leaves shed
by the air

Madeline Cashman '41

TO THE SNOWFLAKES

Whirling, swirling stars of white
Falling from the blue
Sparkling in the pale moon's light
Like the morning dew,

Do you never tire at all?
Do you never sleep?
Building slowly as you fall,
Snow drifts high and deep?

Helter-skelter from the sky,
You float down to the earth,
Little stars of white, you fly
From God, who gave you birth.

Betty Roberts '39

LOVE

I think that I shall never know
What makes one's love for someone grow.
It isn't that the person's blessed
With greater talents than the rest;
Nor that he's right in every way
And never will be led astray.
It isn't that he's worldly great,
Someone whom people imitate;
Nor that his knowledge will surpass
The average learning of the mass.
It's something given at God's command
Which human hearts can't understand.

Hilda Binns '39

THE HOUSEWYF

A goode housewyf was there, who wel coude cook
And at license did ever sternly look.
She shoon as cleane as any kitchen floor
That e'er her sturdy broom did once explore.
Ful straight she satte upon her proper seat
And every frill about her dress was neat
And in its place was ev'ry smallest hair
Whych carelesslye to straggle did not dare.
In disapproval strong she turn'd away
From her companion's lips and nails ryght gay.
Yet kynd was she to help the mother mild
And on the roade amuse the restless childe,
And gladly from hir store did she bestow
A goodly recipe another wished to know.
Hir gown embroidered was in floures redde and blue
And buttoned o'er it was a black cote new.
And at hir neck a curious pin hadde she
Where rose and daisy grew ryght prettily.
A handsome wyf was she, and lyke a quene
She bore herself, as we afore have seen.

Virginia Carvell '39

A PLEA

Listen my teachers and you shall hear
The tragic plea of your students dear.
We know that we aren't very smart
But give us a break, yes, have a heart.
Don't give us homework up to our neck
'Cause before we begin, we're a nervous wreck.
It makes us feel we ought to strike.
You were young once—you know what it's like.
This plea is a petition to do away
With unpopular subjects on this day.
The first one we're not especially enjoying
Is that thing called algebra, it is most annoying.
There's no worth in it, if you ask me
(I'm speaking of crazy chemistry).
We'd rather be fighting in a trench
Than much longer stand that flunky French.
Remove the pest called economics;
Replace it with a course in comics.
If these suggestions you follow through
In ten years we'll still be here with you.

Helen McEvoy '39

THE PARADE

The band comes strutting down the street
Playing a lively tune;
The men are dressed in uniform
And each hat has a plume.
The horns blast forth, the cymbals clash,
The drums go boom, boom, boom;
A parade is a glorious thing to all,
And it always ends too soon.

Robert Garneau '41

SONNET

Sometimes I sit and ponder over life
And through my puzzled mind run doubt and fear.
I think of all the evil, suffering, strife;
And try to figure out my duty here.
It seems so unimportant that I try
To do my best at work, attain success.
I wonder if it counts to satisfy
My desire to be of human usefulness.
But then my mind rejects this train of thought
And turns to those around for whom I care;
I know that all the happiness they've brought
Came only through resistance to despair.
My duty then becomes to me quite clear—
To make life a joy for all those near,
Or to banish doubt and relinquish fear.

Hilda Binns '39

RECORD

CLASS HONORS ANNOUNCED

Virginia Carvell, Valedictorian

Shortly before vacation came a fateful moment in assembly when the senior class honors were announced. Virginia Carvell is the valedictorian, which fact is a surprise to no one who has ever looked at the string of A's on her report card.

Even were it not for her scholastic ability, Virginia would be prominent among us. She is editor-in-chief of the *Johnson Journal*, and has become quite famous for her humorous essays on anything under the sun, from the common pin to Room 8's great moral struggle every recess. Besides essays she has written poems and short stories.

In art and music Virginia is also talented—and don't forget her excellent characterization in *Lucky*. She draws and paints skillfully and plays the piano very well—has, in fact, played quite frequently in public.

You couldn't call Virginia a book worm who buries herself away and spends all her waking hours in study. She is far too busy with clubs, Student Council, dancing (every Friday night!) and numerous other activities.

For a future vocation, Virginia is considering music, teaching, and occupational therapy — among others. Next year she will probably be back for a P. G. Whatever she does, her varied interests are sure to make her life rich and satisfying.

Ruby Cochrane, Salutatorian

Next in line was Ruby Cochrane, salutatorian. Ruby has gone to school in a good many towns besides North Andover, but, to our joy, she has stayed with us during her entire high school career. Her list of activities will be one of the longest in the *Year Book*.

She has been elected to honorary positions at various times. She has been class secretary, member of the Student Council, and our delegate to the D. A. R. Convention. Besides that she has been assistant editor of the *Journal*, treasurer of the Athletic Association, and president of the Etiquette Club.

On the dance floor and in other social situations Ruby is particularly adept. More than a few boys have been known for their interest in her! Her black hair, clear complexion, and round, merry face are undoubted assets.

As to her career, Ruby is rather undecided. For a while she considered Salem Teachers' College, but now she expects to go to business school, or (more probably) to take a P. G. and put off deciding about her career for the present.

Helen Greenler, Essayist

Class Essayist this year is Helen Greenler. Helen's chief talent lies in her ability to make friends (that is, scholastic ability aside). She (like all the others holding class honors) is on the Student Council, and has been in several clubs, having been secretary-treasurer of the Etiquette Club. It would be hard to name anyone who does not feel a friendly interest in her.

Helen's interests do not end with school, however. She loves to sew.

This year, besides blouses and dresses, she even made herself a suit.

Helen is considering following in her sister's footsteps by going to Emanuel College next year, studying, perhaps, to be a chemist or a pharmacist.

Charles Foster, Orator

Charles Foster was elected Class Orator. If Ruby Cochrane had not kindly moved to North Andover a short while ago, we should shamefacedly have had to admit that three of our four graduation speakers came from West Boxford!

No one was surprised at Charlie's election. He is president of the Debating Club, a good student (receiver of the Harvard Year Book), former class president, and a long-standing member of the Student Council.

Charlie may very possibly have the longest list of activities in this year's *Year Book*. He has been one of the stars of the basketball team for two years, and this year he has been on the baseball team also.

Charlie is scientifically minded and hopes to go to M. I. T. or Worcester Tech next year. He has been saving his money for it for a long time. He wants to be a research worker but is not quite sure whether he will specialize in physics or chemistry.

CLASS SUPPER, PARTS, Etc.

As the year hurries along the Seniors have been holding a series of class meetings to decide about all those things that have to be decided as the high school career of a class draws to a close. Robert Miller was picked to write the Class History; William Driscoll, the Class Will; and Brian McKiernan, the Prophecy. Blue and white were chosen for the class colors. The class motto picked was, "Nothing great is lightly won."

The boys decided to wear white flannels and blue coats for graduation, and the girls, white sport dresses.

ASSEMBLY PROGRAM

For our last assembly program we had a lecture by Charles Gorst, the "bird man," on the subject, "Birds and Their Songs and Calls." (That makes a cave man, snake man, and bird man we've had, so far.) It came at a strategic time, the first, most beautiful days of spring, and we found, to our amazement, that there was no discernible difference between his bird calls and those made by the birds themselves. More than one of us are more enthusiastic about listening and watching for birds and their songs than before we heard him.

McKIERNAN RECEIVES SCHOLARSHIP

Not long ago Brian McKiernan was announced winner of the annual Woman's Club scholarship of $150. The scholarship is awarded on the basis of scholastic ability, and ability in other lines—social, literary, administrative, etc. There is no doubt that Brian can answer to all these. His marks, of course, have always been good, but besides that he has performed ably as editor of the *Year Book*; he has been one of our best debaters; he has been a member of the Student Council; and he has been perhaps our best class actor.

With the aid of this scholarship Brian hopes to go to Mass. State to study engineering.

GUIDANCE TESTS GIVEN

This year's seniors are having the opportunity of taking tests in personality, vocational interest, and scholastic aptitude. These tests are given by experts from Boston Uni-

versity. They are entirely confidential between the students and the experts. From the tests a student may expect to gain a fairly clear idea as to what vocations he would be happy in; which points in his personality need adjusting and which are strong already; and whether he is suited to go to college or not. They will be undoubtedly helpful to those taking them.

CLUB NOTES

Our debating team had a public debate with that of Haverhill High. Haverhill won, but it was a close contest.

The Sub-Deb Club engaged Miss Virginia Drew, graphologist, to speak to the girls of the school. She analyzed the handwriting of several girls and she did a very good job. She also revealed to us some characteristics of Miss Jensen that we did not know about.

ALUMNI NOTES

Michael Koroskys, '38, is now attending Lowell Textile School.

Martha Curren, '38, is now at Simmons College.

Milton Howard, '38, at present is at Tufts College in Medford.

Veronica Fitzgerald, '38, is attending Lowell Teachers' College.

Allen Towne, '38, is now at Northeastern University.

Caroline Chase, '38, is at Newton Hospital.

Freeman Hatch, '38, is at Lowell Textile School.

CHATTER

What boy of the junior class has turned fashion expert on us and now wears a bright green coat?

The epidemic is growing worse! Dorothy Costello is now out with appendicitis. She is getting along well.

Now Ruthie is the class actress.
She acts in all our plays.
We still don't see quite how she wears
Her hair so many ways.

I wonder if we could get better marks by grinding our cards on the floor with our heels in front of the teacher the way Brian does.

Just when did you learn that girls didn't wear dresses under graduating gowns, Charlie?

Desjardins has been doing his good deeds lately by helping G. C. to understand baseball games.

Wonder where Dorrie M. got that cute ski pin she wears?

HAVE YOU HEARD THESE?

Stewy Stillings (to waiter in cafe): "Do you serve shrimps?"

Waiter: "Yes sir, we serve anybody."

Social Worker: "Do you have any back house rent?"

Relief Seeker: "We ain't got any back house. We have modern plumbing."

Miss Jensen: "As we walk outdoors on a cold winter's morning and look about us, what do we see on every hand?"

Summers: "Gloves."

BASEBALL

The team is enjoying a highly successful season this year. With the superb twirling of Captain Arthur Banker and Bing Miller, and the heavy hitting of last year's veterans, they have been a team hard to beat. Out of fifteen games to date, victory has come for twelve, and in the three defeats we were beaten by a small margin of one or two runs. If the team played its best on every occasion there would be no cause for worry, because Johnson has never been outclassed this year by any team that they have taken the field against. The defeats were not the result of playing teams that were better, but came mainly as a result of ragged, poor playing. Nevertheless, our school team is deserving of everyone's support and worthy of our pride!

Season's Record

Johnson	30	Wilmington	10
Johnson	22	Brooks	2
Johnson	9	Chelmsford	3
Johnson	9	Methuen	6
Johnson	3	Central Catholic	4
Johnson	8	St. John's High	3
Johnson	33	Howe	6
Johnson	10	Brooks	3
Johnson	10	Wilmington	2
Johnson	13	Tewksbury	2
Johnson	6	St. John's High	2
Johnson	6	Chelmsford	8
Johnson	13	Andover J. V.	1
Johnson	4	Punchard	5
Johnson	7	Howe	1
Johnson	11	Methuen	0

Totals, Johnson 195; Opponents 58. Won 13, lost 3.

First Team (Regulars)

Player	Batting Ave. (15 games)
Greenwood, 3b	.416
Banker, p	.400
Dill, 2b	.395
Yule, ss	.395
Foster, rf	.375
Sullivan, lf	.363
Summers, cf	.333
Lafond, 1b	.318
Miller, p	.275
Garvey, c	.259

Others

T. Sullivan, lf, cf	1.000
Mackie, 2b	.667
Keating, p	.400
Ruthie, 3b, ss	.000
Glidden, rf	.000
McCubbin, cf, lf	.000
Martin, c	.166

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